morning the operation began. I directed it from the central office; Zagoraev had command in the field. The first two hundred men arrived half an hour before the morning whistle and were sent to a remote section of the works. The second party of two hundred was absorbed similarly. When the third party appeared, Nurberg telephoned, complaining about the violation of the Committee's instructions. I replied that we relied on his ability, administrative skill, and sympathy with the unemployed. He thanked me, but half an hour later he called again—another party of two hundred had just arrived; he must report to the Municipal Committee. I asked him to report that I personally had sent men to the harbor and was sending more.

Then a call came from Bers—he was angry and accused me of blowing up the public works. The president of the Municipal Committee also called to ask me if it was true that I had deliberately violated the established procedure.

"Certainly I did," I answered. "How else could I prove to you that the work *can* be expanded?"

We agreed to meet at the harbor. The people at the project were as busy as beavers; shovels were swinging, wheelbarrows running. The work was going on in perfect order. After a tour of the works, the chairman said, "I cannot approve of your highhanded act, but I promise you the work will be continued on today's scale."

This was one of the few happy days on the public works. Our everyday chores were less gratifying. When we assumed responsibility for order and discipline at work, we did not realize that these included, among other things, an obligation to look after the drunks. Since drunks swinging pickaxes were not only a nuisance but a serious danger to other workers, it was necessary to remove them from the place. The task was particularly difficult on Mondays. I learned that there were different stages of drunkenness and that the opinions of a drunken man and a sober man may differ widely in classifying marginal cases. Our attempt to have a panel of local experts arbitrate the disputes proved unworkable. On Mondays, not all the panel members were entirely reliable!

Then the Anarchists appeared on the scene with a new popular slogan: Freedom to drink! Each individual, they preached, knows best what is good or bad, dangerous or safe for him. Nobody should tell his fellow men when, what, where, and how much he may drink!

I remember one Monday at the harbor in the summer of 1907. Suffocating heat, dust, quarrels all over the place. First I had to arbitrate a dispute about the cause of a minor accident in a ditch. The